

PS 3525
.I62 H6
1914



Frank Moody Mills
(Editor)



Class PS 352.5
Book I 62 H 6
Copyright N^o. 1914

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

JINGLET'S



HOME-MADE
JINGLET S



CAST IN THE ROUGH
AT
ODD TIMES

BY
FRANK MOODY MILLS
(EFFEM)

1914

SESSIONS-MANNIX CO.
SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

PS 3525
I 62 H 6
1914

Copyright 1914
By
Frank Moody Mills



SESSIONS-MANNIX PRINTING CO.



SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

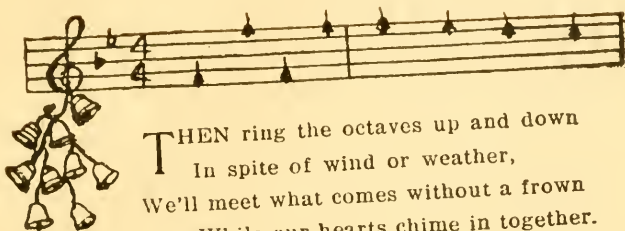
\$1.00

NOV 27 1914

© Cl. A 387721

no,

THIS VOLUME OF VERSES IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
TO THE LOVED ONES WHO IN-
SPIRED THEM AND ON WHOSE
INSISTENCE THEY ARE PRINTED



THEN ring the octaves up and down
In spite of wind or weather,
We'll meet what comes without a frown
While our hearts chime in together.

THE WHY OF IT

THE Verses in this Volume were written at odd times in the hurry of a long and busy life. They are not claimed to be poems but only simple rhymes, a sort o' bubbling over you know, a legacy from a mother full of sentiment and poetry. They are printed here, good and bad together. Take them for what they are worth.

While, not depreciating the value and sweetness of kisses will say by way of explanation of the undue proportion of verses in this volume devoted to the kiss, that they were written when I was in the publishing business while I was compiling an Anthology of the Kiss and incidentally made some contributions thereto myself. The Love Songs herein were also written to go in a companion volume.

Retiring from the business the books were not published as contemplated, but may yet be given to the public.

A few of the Jinglets have appeared in newspapers and magazines but nearly all of them are here printed for the first time.

—The Author.

CONTENTS

Absent But Not Forgotten	43
A Fateful Moonlight Serenade	105
A First Effort	127
After	116
A June Idyl	25
A Love Letter in Rhyme	41
A Maiden's Foot	49
A March Birthday	77
An Acceptance	114
An Easter Birthday	72
Another Birthday	75
A Springtime Birthday	39
A Truly, True Love Story	83
Bible Lessons—Triolets	51
Birthday Souvenir	82
Bridged Jingle	108
Christmas Dinner	118
Composite Valentine	82
Contrasts	31
Disputed the Count	107
Down on his Luck	50
Fair, Fat and Forty	98
Easter Morn	56
Effemorisms	111
Flag of the Free	58
Flitting Joys	76
From Mary Up the Tree	95
Grace Before Meat	63
Her Easter Bonnet	62
His Birthday	100
Hymn	80
I Loved a Lass	114
In Lighter Vein	87
In the Wrestling Game of Life	115
Kid's Corner	117
Kitty McGee	125
L'Assasmoir	47
Leap Year Kisses	35
Lent, Easy to be Good	111

Contents

Life, Best of, Went Long Ago	73
Life's Drama	79
Little Barefoot's Christmas	122
Little Old Man	122
Love's Chimes	29
Love's Five Senses	46
Love's Laconics	74
Love's Perjury	107
Love's Retrospect	66
Making of the Poem	17
Mary Up the Tree	95
May Each Returning Year	112
Moonlight Serenade	105
Mother-in-Law	112
Much-Marrying Man	89
Nineteen Hundred	115
Nit	113
Nothin' New Under the Sun	123
Not Inconstant	78
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep	27
One and Forty	99
One Kiss More	37
On the Half Shell	64
Poeta Nascitur Non Fit	108
Poetry by the Yard	96
Queen of Clubs	91
Reconciliation	60
Renunciation	97
Second Generation Lyrics	127
Shooting the Chutes	124
Sol in Eclipse	113
Somebody Loves Me	61
Sonnet to the Kiss	53
Spicewood vs. Sassafras	92
Sweet are the Uses of Adversity	115
Sweethearts Birthday	55
Thanksgiving Grace	63
The Best of Life	73
The Bridged Jingle	108
The Daughter to the Mother	65
The Heart Ne'er Grows Old	115
The Latter Day Utopia	87
The Message of the Birds	81

Contents

The New Year	109
The Optimists Dream	33
The Rose and the Thorn	82
The Poet Laureate	112
The Outcast	57
The Rose on Her Breast	48
The Rose or The Lily	46
The Why Of It	12
The Wild Rose	60
The World all a Fleeting Show	113
These Women	53
Trilby at Zero	103
Trilby's Epigram	113
Triolets—Bible Lessons	51
To E. on Her Birthday	69
To the Author of My Lady's Violin	23
Truly, True Love Story	83
What is there Amiss	111
What it Means	128
When Fair Lady	117
When Mary Climbed the Tree	94
Widow Red Hen's Party	117
Why I Love Her	54

THE MAKING OF THE POEM

TO go hunting outside of bounds
And be found poaching on other's grounds,
Makes one feel about as cheap
As if he'd been caught stealing sheep.
So, one, who's always stuck to prose
And wrote only that of which he knows—
But somehow lands in another set
When he strays out of his own, you bet—
Feels like the farmer in evening clothes
Who puts on a bold face 'mongst belles and beaux,
As tho' he was one of them and yet,
Knows he's not up in etiquette,
And so I feel when making rhymes,
As I'm constrained to do betimes,
That all the poets who my way pass,
Are crying out "Keep off the grass,"
Or saying, sarcastic like: "Go hence!
You'd better keep your side the fence."
But yet the rhymes keep bubbling up
And o'erflowing my little cup,
And so I kind o' sort o' think,
As at the poetic fount I seldom drink
Where so many others have drank galore,
That I may sip a little more.

The Making of the Poem

But when I essay the muse to court,
Scarce knowing yet what is my forte,
With trembling heart I hesitate
While waiting at the entrance gate;
The fields of Poesy so many are,
I know not which gate's for me ajar.

Here the field of waving corn;
Here the grove where Love was born;
Here the meadow with lowing kine;
There the hill-side with clustered vine;
The valley with the rippling brook;
The shady corner and Lover's nook;

All are open to him who dares—
Whether for good or ill, he only, cares.

In the Muse's workshop are stock and tools
For use of the wise yet free to fools;
There's Youth and Love and Joy and Hope,
There's Health and Wealth and water and soap;
There are dimpled chins and bright blue eyes,
And ruby lips and lover's sighs
And shrieks and groans and sweetest kisses,
Bachelors and widows, old maids and misses,
With blood and thunder and black mustaches
And curly locks and divers mashes,
And, (most important, blundering stupid,
You came near forgetting), the essential Cupid;
For Cupid left out is like Hamlet omitted
For which Poet nor Player could e'er be acquitted.

The Making of the Poem

There too all the quirks and tricks of the trade,
The old and the new, can be found ready-made;
The Iambus, the Trochee, the Dactyl, and Epodes,
The Anapest, the Ditheramb, and the various strophes,
The rule too to use when fitting the feet
To find out by scanning if your verse is complete—
To measure your Distich, your Triolet, your Quatrain,
Your Sestines or Sonnets or whatever's your pattern,
(I will say here parenthetically in fear of the Critic,
That these lines are not subject to rules analytic).
Then the Proem, the Prelude, the Interlude, the Finale,
And what the French call "L'envoi" O shade of Svengali!
This rhyme is worked in because it is new;
Either Folly or Trolly would just as well do.

With materials at hand you've then to decide
On the metre and measure and—all else beside—
Whether an Ode it shall be or a simple bucolic
Of Virgins and Youths on a pastoral frolic,
An Epic heroic or a metrical Lyric;—
Dramatic, historic, tragic, comic, idyllic;
Whether Canzonet, Rondeau, Ballad or Ditty
Or sentimental Romanza of country or city—
Rhapsody, or Monody or in what category
Is the form you will choose for your versified story—
But perhaps after all the great worry and bother,
Like me you'll scarce know the one from the other,
Whether the blankest of Verse or very poor Rhyme,
Without meter or measure and in raggedest Rag-Time.

The Making of the Poem

Your next step will be to go to the Court,
Not the Court of the last but the first resort,
For a Poet's License you'll need and should haste to secure
That to all his immunities you may promptly inure.
For with one of these permits you can write at your ease,
Make new words to suit you or spell as you please—
Take any liberties you choose with Fancy or Fact
Without need of conscience or brain being racked,
And if any should charge you with offence 'gainst the muse
You can show 'em your license and claim King's excuse;
But you must not go so far as to filch from some brother,
Unless done so deftly that none can discover.
But if 'tis found out that the deed you have done,
Then loudly protest: "Nothing new under the sun."

All else being ready, your subject selected,
You bravely start out on the plan you've projected;—
But first you'd best choose, like the artist, your model,
On whose style to fashion the conceits of your noddle;

There's Chaucer and Milton, and Dryden and Smith,
And Byron and Shakespeare, the Baconian Myth;
Homer the blind beggar, with his Odyssey and Iliad,
Virgil, the sweet singer with his Georgics and Aeneid,
Harte's Heathen Chineese with his tricks that are vain,
John Hay whose "Gilgal knows its own whisky skin,"
The dead and gone Laureate and his feeble successor
Who of the toadying chair makes an able professor.
The "Sweet Singer of Michigan" and the Poet of the Prairies

The Making of the Poem

Spencer and Palmer Cox with their Brownies and Falries,
Then James Whitcomb Riley and Tacitus Hussey,
Frank Stanton, Eugene Field and sweet Gerald Massey,
Tom Moore, Bobby Burns, Longfellow and Saxe,
Both genders of Browning and Ella Wheeler Wilcox,
And other feminine poets, not to ignore
L. E. L., Sappho and good Hannah Moore,
Then Swinburne, Walt Whitman and Iowa's Major Byers,
On his "March to the Sea," still feeding camp fires,
If for lack of fuel to burn he should e'er feel dejected
We rhymesters can supply him with Mss, marked "rejected."
Then Bryant, Whittier, Aldrich, Goethe, Frisbie and Schiller,
Theocritus, Jack Crawford and bold Joaquin Miller.
I've grouped them you see sans regard to chronology
For which to the living I may owe an apology.

If before studying these masters you were the least bit inflated,

I'm sure that by now you are so intimidated
That like me you'll conclude to cut yourself loose
And take for your model the renowned Mother Goose,
And sadly acknowledge, when the judgment is final,
That you only write fairly, the poem **caninal**.
For as very small boats should keep near the shore
So short-winged birds like me, should no more
Boldly attempt any great flight Pegasian,
Than lubber to climb to heights Parnassian,
For we perchance might take a slump
And come down quick to earth—kerthump.

The Making of the Poem

I've sure no wish to fall so soon
To be dipped up maybe with a spoon
Or my scattered diaphragm upraked
To be earthed in Woodland or by Meds be faked,
Than this, I'd sooner far be burned
And on the topmost shelf be urned
Than be consigned to future flame
With nothing left, not even a name.

MORAL

As in following Mother Goose you don't attempt to fly high,
And know you can't reach to the top of the sky
So if you do happen to fall a discomfited bard
It don't hurt so bad if you don't hit the ground hard.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S VIOLIN"

I like best old friend, the vein you're in
When you play on "My Lady's Violin,"
And I venture to say that I think it a sin
You don't oftener draw the bow.

It's true, when in slumber our souls have been sunk,
We've been half aroused and have dreamily drunk
In the measure of the musical plunkety-plunk
Of your tuneful, sweet banjo,—

And the music was sweet though the theme might be light
And the boys "patted juba" with all their might,
Till the stars had melted out of sight

But 'twas only a memory by early dawn;—
Yet the singer if he would could sing the song
Whose echoes might reach the heavenly throng
And carry the souls of his hearers along
And live long after he's gone.

But why should the author who lives in his books
On whom society with love and reverence looks,
Write trifles for gossips or recipes for cooks

Or ever do aught but his best?
Or the orator who with his silver tongue
Can speak as if from Heaven he sprung
And fire the souls of old or young
Descend to quip or jest?

To the Author of "My Lady's Violin"

Or the artist, whose brush can gild the sun
And nature depict as if by Heaven 'twere done
Hang up his laurels already won

And come down to paint houses and signs?
Or the architect, who causes cathedrals to rise,
With domes and towers to pierce the skies,
With sculptured columns to delight our eyes,
For warehouse or barn make designs?

Or why should the skillful handler of clay
Who can make works of art that will live away
And give joy to beholders day by day,

E'er be content to make jars or crocks?
Or why should the needle so deft, yet so small,
Which tapestry can make to grace palace or hall
When guided by the artistic soul,
Ever be busy darning socks?

Dear Poet, we would not depreciate
The gems you so cleverly extricate
From the dialect of your native state

And which our smiles and plaudits win,
But we long for that magical twist of your pen
Which you happily make for us now and again,
When you draw the bow that gives us the strain
Such as you play on "My Lady's Violin."

A JUNE IDYL

O H those sweet June days
When first love's ways
Made life seem worth the living,
When midst roses bloom
My sweetheart came
To me her warm heart giving.

The morn was bright,
Our hearts were light,—
I asked of love a token,
Her sweet blue eyes
Award the prize,
No need of answer spoken.

The sun askance,
With hurried glance,
Her cheeks with blushes burning,
Behind a cloud,
The chance allowed,
I'd been so long in earning.

What perfect bliss
Came with her kiss,
My senses all beguiling,
With all her charms
Close in my arms,
And Time away was whiling.

A June Idyl

But all too soon,
O lovely June,
To your days there comes an ending;
But while you last
What joys thou hast,
What hope to fond hearts lending?

Now every year,
The month so dear,
I'll hold in highest honor,
Remembering the bliss
Of that first sweet kiss,
In that June in which I won her.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

AND now I lay me down to sleep,
The sleep which knows no earthly waking,
The long, lone hours, in silence to keep,
While perchance, some hearts may be aching.

June roses may bloom though not for me;
March winds may blow and December moan;
The years come and go, sad though they be,
While taking my rest in my narrow home.

But I fain would believe that by some I'd be missed
Who'll think of me oft in life's busy throng;
That the smiles will be sad on the lips I have kissed
And to some hearts the days will be weary and long.

And I grieve as I think of the chances I've wasted
To do good to my fellows or to frown upon wrong;
How selfish I've been in the joys I have tasted,—
How careless of others in much I have done.

But will any one say as they consign me to dust,
That I was cruel of heart or of sorrow made jest,
That I was fickle of purpose or faithless to trust,
That I e'er wronged my neighbor or the weak e'er oppressed?

Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep

They may say I was weak and do me no wrong;
That my sins of commission were many and great;
That my list of omissions was woefully long;
That I failed of my duties both early and late.

But they'll know I meant to be true to my friend;
That to the poor and down-trodden my sympathy was
given

For the mercy and help which to others we lend
Are all we can ask or hope for from Heaven.

But if in some heart I've caused anguish or pain,
If to any one's eyes I've e'er brought a tear,
If on any one's soul I've left shadow or stain,
May I not be forgiven as I lie on my bier?

And tho' it suffereth much I pray love will be kind
And the wrong forget and my faults overlook;
That only the memory of the good in me live
And my few virtues be listed in "Love's Own Book."

So I pray as I go to my long, last sleep,
Never again on Earth to awake
While Time and Death their harvest will reap,
That the Father, in mercy, my cleansed soul will take.

LOVE'S CHIMES

RING out ye Bells! Ye Happy Bells!
That tell the sweet old story,
While the lover's heart with rapture swells
As he reaches his crowning glory.

* * * * *

But softer now the melody
Falls on our listening ears,
For time has past—Ah, well-a-day!
With its joys and hopes and tears.

Then as the merry bells peal out
Their round of joy and pleasure,
The gentler tones of sweet content
Chime in with tender measure.

The flowers may bloom and birds may sing
Their very sweetest song,
But there's naught so dear as the chimes which ring
In our hearts as the days go on.

For as the scale of Life the longer grows
And the higher the anthem rises
The lessons learned as true love knows
Are our choicest, richest prizes.

Love's Chimes

Without discord in the gamut of Love
 We'll sound the chorus through,
And as the chimes ring on may they ever prove
 Each note still sweet and true.

Then let the Bells trill out again
 Their song of Love—a token,
That we ne'er may miss their sweet refrain,
 Their harmony unbroken.

And ring the octaves up and down
 In spite of wind and weather;
We'll take what comes without a frown,
 While our hearts keep time together.

CONTRASTS

LIFE is a riddle to whomever it comes,
We dance with the fiddles or march with the drums.
We're up in the clouds or down in the valley,
We go with the crowds or sneak down the alley.

We laugh and we sing or we're down in the mouth,
The weather is fair or the wind's in the South.
There's money in bank or all of it's spent
We're turning the crank or we go where we're sent.

We're winning the race or getting the flag,
We're reaching first place or holding the bag.
We've corn to sell or the crib is bare,
Our larders are full or we've nothing to spare.

We're forced by our friends high places to fill
Or ambition ends at the foot of the hill.
We're society's pet of the haughty four hundred
Or we're out in the wet with the Hoi Polloi numbered.

Is it Pomery See for which we're athirst?
We may be lucky to get e'en the red-eye accurst.
If we're feeling our oats, no good it may bode,
We may go with the goats at the forks of the road.

To-night we may fare in sumptuous beds
The next may have nowhere to pillow our heads.
We've plenty of money to throw at the birds,
Or only the honey of bitterest words.

Contrasts

We list to the round of marriage bells
Or tremble at the sound of funeral knells.
Honored today, outcast tomorrow,
Now Life's only play, then nothing but sorrow.

Sickness or trouble may any befall.
Wealth's but a bubble, pleasure but gall.
If we've happiness to lend or trouble to borrow,
'Tis but for a day, we're gone tomorrow.

"What's coming to me," is the query of each.
"Success shall it be or is it out of my reach?"
And as Fortune the minx, doesn't come at our call
We in vain ask the Sphinx for she'll ne'er tell us all.

And we'll not ask the sages the riddle to solve
But let future ages the question revolve.
Let each for the day do the best that he can,
And if forfeit's to pay, plank it down like a man.

Whether Life's worth the living or Death is the end;
Whether taking or giving will happiness send,—
In the worlds' busy strife we know there's naught missing
In the flavor of Life where there's loving and kissing.

THE OPTIMIST'S DREAM

I'VE a fortune at sea that's coming to me,
And poverty and want will hurriedly flee;
There's a jackpot of gold for the true and the bold,
And honor and rank to the full I will hold.

In hope I'll abide for the turn of the tide,
For in a coach and four I'm soon to ride;
So a little longer I'm willing to walk,
For naught, I am sure, my future can balk.

Then I'll spend all the hours in garlanded bowers,
And smell the rich fragrance of tropical flowers;
And I'll hear the birds sing as gaily they wing
By the cot of the peasant through the realms of the king.

Who says that he cannot believe that this planet
Was made for the good of the people who man it,
Is made of poor stuff, and I'm sure it is rough
If he cannot resign when he's had quite enough.

For since he began the animal man
Has had a fair show and a winning race ran;
And it seems very plain that he, in the main,
Has very small reason to growl or complain.

The Optimist's Dream

There's no daring robber who'll ere cause a throb or
Attempt to despoil of his hope this Micawber;
And until it is shown up that the time's come to burn up,
I'll keep watching and waiting for something to turn up.

All the world's at his feet and man's reign is complete;
With care left behind, and Love! it is sweet!
When all's well endured all ills are soon cured,
And a future of joy to the faithful assured.

What's trouble to me who soon shall be free
From the ills of this life, and the glories will see
Of a far brighter world and more beautiful skies,
Where Love is the rule and all win the prize.

LEAP YEAR KISSES

I kissed her, yes, I kissed her,
Without asking any grace;
Did she think she was my sister
As she accepted my embrace?

For I hugged her, yes, I hugged her,
As I ne'er hugged any other,
And I wondered as I did it
If she took me for her brother.

I kissed her on each glowing cheek,
Where the blushes come and go;
I know I acted like a freak
To treat the poor girl so,

But as she took my kisses straight
(At least a baker's dozen),
I feared that in the gloaming late
She supposed I was her cousin.

I kissed her on her sweet blue eyes,
And on her dimpled chin;
I kissed her on her red, ripe lips,
So conveniently between;

And on her slender, graceful neck,
Where the golden ringlets curl;
I kissed her o'er and o'er again,
My senses in a whirl.

Leap Year Kisses

I kissed her on her snowwhite brow,

And on her tiny ear;

'Twas sweetly sweet, and yet, I trow,

It made me feel so queer.

And then—she kissed me back again,

Without making any bother;

"Dear John," she said, "I think it's plain,

We'd better go tell mother."

ONE KISS MORE

WHEN setting sun, as downward dips,
Kisses fleecy clouds that hover o'er,
They linger there, with blushing lips,
To take their chance for one kiss more.

So in the flush of early love,
When Cupid pierced my fond heart's core,
Twas my delight, all else above,
To wait and take just one kiss more.

And when the cruel clock said "Go"
I could not get beyond the door
'Till I must turn, I loved you so
And humbly sue for one kiss more.

I often thought you cruel then
To give so sparing from your store,
And as I kissed, once and again,
How oft I plead for one kiss more.

If I were forced by cruel fate
To go from thee to foreign shore,
I'd lose my ship for thy dear sake
And turn me back for one kiss more.

One Kiss More

When in my arms I fondly fold
And kiss you darling, o'er and o'er,
I can't release you from my hold
I'll ever want just one kiss more.

And when along Life's troublous way,
I feebly grope, heart-tried and sore
Come to me then, Sweetheart, I pray
And soothe me dear, with one kiss more.

When called to leave these scenes so fair
And waiting stand at Death's dark door,
Oh heed thee then my dying prayer
And give me dearest, one kiss more.

There's naught so sweet in all Love's race,
There's naught so dear in all Love's lore,
As the answer given in fond embrace,
To Love's soft plea for one kiss more.

A SPRING TIME BIRTHDAY

DEAR Heart! The years go swiftly by,
Their farewells softly sighing
As at your feet they gently leave
Their richest blessings lying.

Tho' a silver thread, may here and there,
Through the golden brown come gleaming,
Yet the locks that shade thy face so fair,
Will still keep young Love dreaming.

The smile's as sweet now on thy lips
As on that early morning
When love first took its honey sip
And happiness was dawning.

Those sweet blue eyes, so full of glee,
Yet cannot hide their loving,—
Oh keep their love glints all for me
And let them ne'er go roving.

'Twas in the chill of early Spring
In Earth's garden, you came straying;
The robins sweetly 'gan to sing
And all nature went a-Maying.

A Spring Time Birthday

The Hyacinth peeped up its head
To give its merry greeting;—
So may Flora always fragrance shed
As thy happy days are fleeting.

Now all welcome gifts, this blessed morn,
May love to thee come bringing,
And all good fairies 'round thee stay
To keep thy joy-bells ringing.

And something I would bring to you,
Yet would not be too daring,—
Tis something old, yet always new
And two can do the sharing.

So from my lips this kiss receive
That love with fervor blesses.
No better gifts can I conceive
Than kisses and caresses.

For blest 'tis said, is he who gives
As much as in receiving,—
From all the joys that kisses bring
I cannot help believing.

A LOVE LETTER IN RHYME

A M I welcome or am I not?
Will this touch a tender spot?
Is there a loving heart to reach
With the written words of speech?
Is there an answering, loving throb
To meet a troubled bosom's sob?
If I were there (forbidden bliss),
Would you greet me with a kiss?
Might I in my arms enfold
And keep you in my ardent hold?
And would you there contented rest
Pressed so closely to my breast?
Does gentle love still hold the reins
O'er the thrill, which once coursed through your veins.
In those early, happy days
When first with me you tried Love's ways?
Those blessed hours, though past and gone,
Have brightly o'er my pathway shown
And made life easier far to live
And day by day some comfort give,
But late I gather scarce a crumb,
If Love is blind is he also dumb?
Or if speech be lost, there's yet the pen
To write and say what "might have been."

A Love Letter in Rhyme

So hasten Dearest! Write me pray
That still you love and quickly say
That I soon may come and at your feet
The sweet, old story again repeat,
And from Love's eyes the bandage take
And loose his tongue for Lang Syne's sake,
That I may drink Life's sweetest draught
And soothe the pain from Cupid's shaft.
Distance soon may part us wide,
Still I am yours both true and tried.
Now if not yourself, let me take away
The memory of Love's perfected day,
And while tears from eyes are starting
Flood me with kisses to ease the parting.

ABSENT BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

YOU asked me to write and I gladly obey;—
You know I ne'er could deny you,
For it's ever my pleasure, by night or by day,
Whether I'm absent or whether I'm by you,
To do all that you wish, be it wise, be it rash
So that at your bidding I set off in a dash.
For in a case like this, when it's nothing amiss,
I'd be a great chump to decline such a bliss.
I've only to plead that I'm in very great need
Of a text for my letter as we are so well agreed.

I had made up my mind since you were so kind,
That in the city, at least, a note I would find,
But you failed, my beauty, to do your whole duty,
And I came from the post without any booty,—
Consoled with the hope that here you had sent it
But disappointed again, I doubt if you meant it,
However, history repeats itself over and over,
It has often been so with your sorrowing lover
What we don't want we can have, it's ever the case,
What we suffer and pray for is sure out of place.
But kind fortune does favor me once in a while
So I'll wait a bit longer and still try to smile;
For your kind heart I know can't always be cruel
So knowing your goodness I hope for a renewal.

Absent But Not Forgotten

But I tell you right now and I give you fair warning
That I shall expect a letter on a quite early morning.
And let it be long and please make it sweet;
It never is wrong, love words to repeat.

* * * * *

I stop just here to acknowledge your letter
And now that I have read it I feel very much better,
Your dear loving words make me highly elated
Rejoicing to know that your love's not abated.

The evening I left I didn't say all I meant.
The time was so sweet I scarce knew how it went;
And I'm regretting right now, as I've oft done before,
That I didn't stay longer for a kiss or two more.
That million's still short of the number required,
And I want still another before finally retired.
If I can't manage here to make the second one even,
We'll have something to do when we both get to Heaven.

While away from you dear, time seems very long;
Heaven but a dream and Life a sad song.
We're a great way apart, if we measure by miles,
But you're very near to my heart and your sweet loving
smiles

Are so close to my lips, I might capture some sips,
And I almost feel your touch at my fingers' tips—
And I can almost imagine the girl of my choice,
Speaks to me through space with her sweet, low voice.
You may call it telepathy or deem me hypnotic,
I don't claim so much,—perhaps a little quixotic.

Absent But Not Forgotten

I'm too poorly taught to be at all scientific,
But am willing to be brought to a state beatific.
It might be worth while to work with X-Rays,
Turn them full on the loved one to see how her heart lays.
I suppose though 'tis best to do as we must,—
Not scan them too closely but take them on trust.

Now while hearts are athirst and souls have wings,
The world's moving on and material things
Must be attended to promptly and we see day by day,
That while the sun shines we must keep on making hay.
Statesmen must figure to keep matters straight,
On questions of finance and affairs of state.
Nations are trembling and ships must be builded
That our flag be upheld and its power be wielded.
We will always be proud that our State's fair daughter
By fate was allowed to send down to the water,
The great vessel IOWA, swift down on her ways
To float on old ocean the full of her days.
I wish it had been our fortune together to stand
As the great ship gracefully receded from land,
And I think to myself how delicious 'twould be
If we two together could sail o'er the sea.
What happiness true to be launched on Life's tide
To float there forever in love side by side.
No fear of a storm our bosoms to thrill
Only Love's gentle breezes our white sails to fill.
But alas! if't should be that we take ocean trips,
Ill fortune may send us in separate ships

THE ROSE OR THE LILY

A choice was given to me to-day
'Tween flowerets sweet for me to say,
Which I should take and hold for mine,
To be for aye, my Valentine.

Did I linger long 'twixt fear and doubt?
No! I straightway solved the question out
And stretched my eager hand and chose
That sweetest, fairest flower,—the Rose.

LOVE'S FIVE SENSES

TO see my Love is Heaven itself to see;
To hear her voice,—to hear the angels sing.
To clasp her form and feel her heart
As it responsive throbs 'gainst mine,
Is joy indeed and her warm fragrant breath
An earnest of a taste of richest sweets;—
All of Heaven's best gifts to Love
Summed up in one long, thrilling Kiss.

L'ASSAMOIR

BAD? Yes, I'm bad
Every one says I am.
Well! Whoever gives a damn
Whether I'm bad or good
Or if I go without food;
If I'm barefoot or shod
Or whatever's the odds,
If I swim or I sink
Or how much I drink.
Well! I am what I am.
Say! Barkeep a dram!
Three fingers are enough,
I'm well up to snuff,
For by the Old Harry
I know what I can carry.

* * * *

Well! That was red hot.
What? The best you've got?
Here! This is my last quarter
And I think you'd oughter
Shove it further
And give me another.
Let it be a snorter.
No! Thanks! Not any water.

* * * *

There! That was out of sight.
This is a blasted cold night,
And my togs are pretty thin,
Guess, I'll go out on the street
If I- can- keep my- feet
And let- the cops- run me in.

THE ROSE ON HER BREAST

T was but a white and tiny rose,
Yet its story it readily told;
And the love it stood for, as sweetheart knows,
Was as true and pure as gold.

Would she scorn the gift of the simple flower,
And hold it and the heart of the giver
As but the sport of an idle hour,
To be then forgotten forever?

No! She placed the rose upon her breast,
With a tender, gentle touch,
And it nestled there like a bird in its nest,
And I longed for nothing so much

As to be forever in that rose's place,
So close to her bosom prest
Where I could fondly look up in her face,
In her smile supremely blest.

A MAIDEN'S FOOT

HER foot should be slender with tapering toes,
The instep high, with arch underneath,
Delicate, and tinged with color of rose,
On the pink little nails, and as white as her teeth.

No corns on the toes, nor torturing bunion;
None pushed to one side, with nails grown under;
No need of corn plaster, nor suspicion of Munyon,
No limping or falling or danger of blunder.

Oh, only on roses should such a foot tread;
But alack and alas! how grievous the smart,
When for such a foot one loses his head
While it dances over and crushes his heart.

DOWN ON HIS LUCK

(A Wail from a Pessimist)

When the cows come home
 Will they give down their milk?
As our ship's sailing in,
 Will it burn up or sink?

Where the Rainbow comes down,
 Will we find the gold?
When the last leaf is turned,
 Will the tale be told?

When the wheel goes round,
 Will it stop on the star?
When the boat reaches port,
 Won't it stick on the bar?

When the grass has been cut,
 Won't the rain spoil it all?
When the feast has been spread,
 Will we hear the call?

And when our all has been staked,
 (Let fate do its worst),
Will it surprise us to hear
 That the bubble has burst?

But one thing is certain—
 Be life dark or fair,
When they ring down the curtain
 It's little we'll care.

TRIOLETS

BIBLE LESSONS.

MY Bible teaches me
To turn the other cheek
To whoso smiteth me;
My Bible teaches me
That this the rule shall be;
 So if he kisses seek,
My Bible teaches me
 To turn the other cheek.

And, if he kisses me,
 Even seventy times seven,
The good book doth agree
That if he kisses me,
That still the rule shall be,
 The sin must be forgiven,
Even if he kisses me
 Seventy times seven.

But, if another girl he kisses,
 That sin I can't forgive,
I don't allow such blisses
For the other girl he kisses,
He should kiss no other misses,
 And as long as he may live,
If another girl he kisses
 That sin I won't forgive.

THESE WOMEN!

O woman is fickle
And keeps man in a pickle,
But whate'er could we do without her?
Be she loving or cold
She keeps a sure hold,
There's something so charming about her.

What is it I wonder?
That keeps all men under
The thumbs of these feminine gods?
Is it their beauty or wit,
Their nerve or their grit
That they carry against us such odds?

Their kisses and embraces
Their sweet, pretty faces,
And their loving hearts under their stays,
Will hold every fool
Who comes under their rule
With their teasing yet winning ways.

So let them do as they please,
Either comfort or tease,—
They may flout and scold and talk on
But with all the pains,
We still love our chains
And worship the ground they walk on.

SONNET

THE KISS

The Kiss! The Kiss! Why is it that upon it
No poet young or old has failed to write?
Nor failed to claim its pleasures out of sight,—
Though so few have ever tried the Sonnet,
Yet for the Kiss itself they never shun it,
Whether they have, or have not, earned the right,
And when they find a chance by day or night,
They do not fail to take it when they've won it.

The reason, now to me is very plain,
Why for the Kiss, the Sonnet is neglected
And other forms of verse are in the main,
To tell its wondrous joys selected;—
Too great for fourteen lines as knows any fool,
Sonnets must but Kissing doesn't go by rule.

WHY I LOVE HER

O^H I love my love
My blue-eyed Belle.
With her I'm in Heaven
But away from her—well;
I'll not name the place
Of which I've heard tell,
Where those lost to grace
May go for a spell.

For her sweetness I love her,
Her beauty so rare.
All charms seem to hover
O'er my Darling so fair.
Go search the world over,—
Look here and look there,
You'll ne'er one discover
With her to compare.

And she loves me, this dear one,
For so she has said;—
My Darling, so near one
In God's mercy led.
She whom I've in fear won,
For whose love I've so plead,
I'll love her, this dear one,
Until I am dead.

SWEETHEART'S BIRTHDAY

I have naught on your natal day to lay
But my heart at your feet, my sweet,
And there it will humbly stay away.
Its love in each beat to repeat.

Always to stay for better or worse,
Its story of love in verse to rehearse,
For tho' not a machine, a mere marker of time
It beats steady and true with the measure of rhyme.

I would deck you my darling with gems fair and rare
And strew on your pathway showers of flowers.
I'd give joy to your life and every care share
And we'd spend in Loves' bowers, our hours.

I'd have all your March a perfect May-day
And all your dear life one joyous hey-day;
Your eyes always bright and your smile ever sweet;
'Tis the prayer of the heart that lies at your feet.

EASTER MORN

O H what does Easter mean to me
Whose hopes are lying low,
When she who's all the world to me
No love to me will show?

No flowers of Spring for me will peep
From underneath the snow
And icy Winter still will keep
O'er my heart, its crust of woe.

But if one tender, little hue
From my dear love should come
To tell me that she still is mine,
No more from me to roam,—

Oh then would all the skies be bright
And joy supreme would reign;—
Darkness quickly turn to light;—
The flowers would bloom again.

THE OUTCAST

BESOTTED, degraded, the roadside his bed;
Filth underneath and storm overhead;
Penniless, friendless, hungry and cold;
Sullen and vicious, ugly and old.

Doomed by heredity, scourged by Society;
Met with frigidity, treated with scorn;
Born of iniquity, steeped in duplicity;
Wherefore and what for, was ever he born?

Starved in his babyhood, benten in boyhood;
Taught to beg, to steal and to lie;
Knowing naught that is good, with no spark of manhood,
Too miserable to live and too godless to die.

Churches will none of him—every one shuns him,
What's to become of him? In God's decree
Who'll be held blameless for the outcast and nameless
In the Great Day that is to be?

THE FLAG OF THE FREE

ALL hall to the Flag which shelters us all,
That so proudly floats in the breeze;
Which protects us alike in cabin or hall,
Or whether on land or the seas.

We've won the respect of the rest of the world
For the dear old Flag that we love
And we solemnly pledge it shall never be furled
And we'll hold it all others above.

Then here's to the Flag that floats o'er the free,
We'll uphold it ever on land or on sea.

From whatever clime our brothers have come
To cast in their lot with us here,
We'll welcome them all to Freedom's home
And hail them with hearty good cheer,

Then keep a warm heart for the land of your birth
And often your thoughts to it give,
But of all of the countries on top of the earth,
Let us bless the dear land where we live.

Then here's to the Flag that floats o'er the free;
We'll love it and honor it wherever we be.

The Flag of the Free

Here home and its joys and its comforts we find,
Here's health and happiness true,
Here's plenty of food for body and mind
With love for old friends and new.

Here's "Charity for all and malice toward none."

Equal rights and good fellowship too;

Here Freedom for all forever's been won,

Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.

Then here's to the Flag that floats o'er the free,
The Flag that guards home and Liberty.

Then fling out the Banner and under its fold

Let each patriot answer the call

And ever stand fast for the good of the whole

For the protection and help of us all,

For Honor, for Right, forever 'twill stand

And our safeguard and pledge it will be;

Full work and full pay for all in the land

Our motto henceforth shall be.

Then here's to the Flag that floats o'er the Free

The emblem of Honor and Prosperity.

THE WILD ROSE

(By Albert Bigelow Payne in Truth.)

ONCE two lovers quarreled;
Lovers do you know,
Wounding words they uttered
In the sunset glow.
But they kissed forgiveness
In the early morn,
And a wild Rose blossomed
On a stem of thorn.

RECONCILIATION

(Answer by Effem)

Do true lovers ever quarrel?
If 'tis really so
List to the sages' moral
For the reason why, they do.
A lover true would fain be pricked
On the very sharpest thorn
Than of the pleasure to be tricked
Of kissing and making up next morn.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME

SOMEBODY wrote me a dear little letter;
"Twas sweetly perfumed and delicately written
Were the charming words and no one knew better
Than he who received it, how badly he was smitten.

Somebody sang me a sweet little song
And her lovely eyes with tears were filled,
And the tender tones of her voice made me long
To know, if by me, her heart was thrilled.

Somebody gave me a sweet little kiss
And laid her head on my shoulder, with a quick little sob
And I felt at last, I knew something of bliss
And that the hearts in our bosoms had reason to throb.

Somebody loves me! I guessed it was so
From the song which she sang and the letter she wrote me
But it was sweetly and prettily given me to know,
When that sweet little kiss she so bashfully gave me.

HER EASTER BONNET

IF I could see her pretty face
 Inside her new spring bonnet
I feel I might be given the grace
 To write an Easter sonnet.

For when that hat came from the shop
 Good judges will decide it
The brightest flowers, paled, on the top
 By the face to go inside it.

With all the care and taste displayed
 Within it and upon it,—
With Flora's choicest gifts arrayed
 When the time has come to don it,—

No flower or bird nor ribbon gay
 Nor ornament upon it
Could draw my eager gaze away
 From the face inside the bonnet.

If I might tie the pretty strings
 Unneath that dimpled chin
And meantime print a loving kiss
 On the lovely face within

I'd feel that Heaven was mine at last
 And that through her I'd won it
And with my arms around her clasped
 My heart would sing the sonnet.

THANKSGIVING DAY "GRACE BEFORE MEAT"

THANKS, Good Father, Thanks!

Thanks for health and thanks for life;
Thanks for children, thanks for wife;
Thanks for food and thanks for clothes;
Thanks for the sunshine and thanks for the rose;
Thanks for our country and thanks for our home,
For blessings past and blessings to come.
Thanks for good friends and the rest of the people;
Thanks for the church with, or without the steeple;
Thanks for the truth which the preachers tell,
That enables poor sinners to keep out of hell;
Though alack and alas! These self same teachers
May fall in themselves, the poor, weak creatures;
But we must do as they tell us, not as some of them do;
And ever be zealous, the straight path to pursue;
And thankful should be that to us it is given
To be happy if we will, on this side of Heaven,
Thankful, too, for the poor whom we always have with us,
To whose wants, pray the Lord, we may ne'er be oblivious!
Finally, thankful let us be though the skies may be murky,
That we're able to tackle our Thanksgiving turkey.

So mote it be.

ON THE HALF SHELL

(Lines written on dissevered shells found far apart at the Sea
Shore)

ONCE we were one
But now we're a pair,
Our life so soon done
It hardly seems fair;

But we were thrown on the sands,
By the ruthless tide
And the life that was between us
Has shriveled and died.

Now though broken apart,
Yet together we're strung,
By the lines from the heart
Which the poet has sung.

"Loud roars the wind
And the waves dash high,
My lover is on the sea.
Turn where I will no hope I find,
With all my soul I pray and cry:
'Will ever my true love come back to
me?'"

And now this plaint we bring
From the shores of the Sea
"Will ever my True Love
Come back to me?"

THE DAUGHTER TO THE MOTHER

(The Monroe Doctrine:—Anent William Watson's appeal to the United States for peace in the Venezuelan Imbroglio in 1896, entitled "The Mother to the Daughter.")

O grasping mother, self-styled Mistress of the Seas;
Why can'st thou not enjoy thy ill-got gains in ease
Instead of crowding weaker nations to the wall,
(Which perchance may lead some day to thy own fall).
Thou greedy land-shark with wide open jaw,
Ready to take into thy insatiate maw
Any poor weakling who by ill-fortune may
Unluckily chance to come across thy way;—
Thou who hast on others' needs grown strong
And gathered riches with little care to whom they might
 belong,
Now asks of us to look the other way
And into thy cruel hand the weak betray;—
But know proud matron with blood-stained crown,
No power on earth can pull our starry banner down.
We use no threatening words but united ever stand
Ready to protect our own and our weak sister's land.
Our mission is to feed the world, care for our own,
See fair play to our neighbors shown;
Uphold our flag and if need be, meet the "Dogs of War"
Unleashed 'gainst them or us from any foreign shore.
So will we stand for peace and in God's name
"Befriend the succorless and put the false to shame."

LOVE'S RETROSPECT

D O you remember, Darling mine,
That night so long ago,
When we two walked alone

Down by the river side,
Where the swift rushing tide
Flowed on to Ocean wide,

Where I told you that my love
Would ever onward move
And that I would surely prove

To you and all the world,
That as waves were tossed and whirled,
So my love was fiercely hurled

To your heart; that the dainty essence
Of your soul and mind and presence,
Would only give quiescence

To the fury of my longing
And that you'd ever more be wronging
All the memories which were thronging

O'er my mind and heart and soul,
If you gave not o'er the whole
Of yourself, Love's full control?

Love's Retrospect

Then you confessed, my darling maid,
That on me your heart was stayed
And of the future were not afraid.

And your sweet low voice so trembled,
That I knew you naught dissembled,
For nothing in you resembled

The treacherous, heartless women
Who lead men on like demon,
Till they're lost to all that's human,

And I felt that now your heart was given,
From me 'twould ne'er be riven,
Untill you went from me to Heaven.

Then the fierce and hurried beating
Of my tried heart, left me like the fleeting
Waters of the river and the greeting

Of the stars, that came from behind the cloud,
Like the ghosts who had taken off the shroud,
And with the happy angels were allowed

To wander in Paradise unbidden
With all the glories of earth and Heaven unhidden,
And choose the joys of each unhidden,—

Twinkled with me in rapturous delight
And made the aforesaid dark and hideous night,
Luminous and soft and Luna's silvery light

Love's Retrospect

Beamed down upon us and gave the feeling,
That Heaven was to us revealing
The answer to my fervent heart's appealing.

Ah! Thou dost remember Dearest!
Long years have past and still thou'rt nearest,
And with me naught in the future fearest.

TO E. ON HER BIRTHDAY

DEAR Girl can it be that you're now Twenty-Four,
And that I have scored up to Fifty and more?
It doesn't seem possible that it can be so
But the Good Book so says and it ought to know,
And this fete-day of yours should be celebrated
By all near or far to whom you're related,
And by none more devoutly than by your venerable Dad,
Who knows all the good in you and all of the bad;
To whom a joy you have been as well as a puzzle
Whom no one could solve and nothing could muzzle,
And though the delight of your life is to tease,
There's no one knows better than you how to please.

Birthdays suggest gifts for all the world over
Custom makes them the due from friends and from lover,
And from Pater of course something's always expected
And long in advance, should a souvenir have selected.

Now I have no doubt but you feel quite assured
That some work of art I've already secured—
But after all my research, it's nothing more, nothing less—
But—until you read this, I'll leave you to guess.

My wish was to send you a rare diamond necklace
But—my book in the red, it might be thought reckless,
So the state of my exchequer that gift will preclude
(To this condition of affairs I trust none will allude).

To E. On Her Birthday

What would be more fitting than a "carriage and pair"
I'm sure little girl 'twould be no more than fair, —
I might find the horses, but just now they're so cheap
Some can them and eat them like cattle or sheep.

So horses rejected, how would you like
Their recent successor, the festive Bike?
But bikes built for two are scarce to be had
And you won't go biking without taking your lad,
And besides with the wheel you have to wear bloomers
And I'm under the impression that I have heard rumors,
That with them or knickerbockers, you might have to pad,
So I think there's no danger of your following **that** fad.

Now a mansion I'd give without any stress
But love in a cottage you already possess;—
Then there's choice bric-a-brac and furniture antique,
With vases Japanesque and bronzes unique,
Laces and furs and rich Paris suits,
Pictures and books, confections and fruits,—
But all these are in reserve until sails in my ship,
If Fortune the jade doesn't give me the slip.
Meanwhile my dear girl, for lack of something much better,
I send by first post this poor hurried letter.
If it should prove overweight you'll know in a minute
'Tis because of the love and good wishes within it.
And the love I now send to add to your store
Doesn't deplete my stock for I've still plenty more.
With this best of all gifts, hearts are happy and light
And in homes howe'er humble all is joyous and bright.

To E. On Her Birthday

"O 'tis Love rules the court, the camp and the grove,
For Love it is Heaven and Heaven it is Love."

And now as old Time year by year makes a score,
May you always be happy as at young Twenty-four.
If I can stay with you you'll hear from me later
I'm slow but I'm sure. Your Loving Old Pater.
P. S.—

In lieu of the gifts which hard times make you miss,
Here's a loving, paternal, long, lingering kiss.

AN EASTER BIRTHDAY

ALL hail we now this happy fete day, sent
To mark the close of dull and somber Lent,
And usher in the lovely Easter time,
When flowers spring and lovers turn to rhyme;
When Life and Hope break winter's icy chains
And Hearts are trumps all over Love's domains;
And now, while all rejoice and birdlets sing,
To you, the Queen of Hearts, we homage bring.
To you, whose natal day we celebrate,
Whose smiles we crave and at whose beck we wait;
To you, this bright, auspicious, springtime day,
We come, our offerings at your feet to lay
And pray good health and fortune may attend
From this time forth till your dear life shall end;
That all good things that Nature's kindly stored
May lavishly into your lap be poured;
That pleasure may crowd pleasure thick and fast,
Your days filled full with sweetened joys that last;
And all whose lives you've blest will pray
That for you there may be eternal day;
For care and time can surely leave no mark
Upon a soul that's never in the dark.
For as faint footprints in late winter's snow
Are quick effaced by noonday's sun's bright glow
So the rich warmth of your true heart sublime
Will melt away all trace of care or time;
And as you've drank at Youth's eternal fount
Your annual milestones surely do not count
Only as angel's visits far between
Saint's days for us to keep their memory green.

THE BEST OF LIFE

To T. D. B.

*"THE best of life went long ago,"
The poet says. Old friend, not so;
For everything we've had of worth
Is with us yet. The glowing earth
Has present joys, while of the past
All that was good will ever last.

For memory lives and nothing's lost;
We've had our day and paid the cost
And it is ours to realize
That we still hold the things we prize,
Though they have passed beyond our ken,
There's nothing lost that's ever been.

The early days we may recall,
And live them over, one and all;
And the dear ones of the long-gone days,
Their charms and all their dear, sweet ways,
Come back to us, and once again,
We hear and sing Life's glad refrain.

*"Three Score and Ten," by Richard
Henry Stoddard.

LOVE'S LACONICS

I asked her would she walk with me,
But she wouldn't.
I begged her then to talk to me;
Said she shouldn't.
"Dear maid, can't you smile on me?"
"No! she couldn't."
"Come! Go a pleasant mile with me."
"It wasn't prudent."
"Then, lassie, may I stay by you?"
"You'd better not."
"I've something sweet to say to you."
"Say it not."
"Jewels rare I'll give to you."
"Keep that you've got."
"I have wealth enough for two."
"That is naught."
"But I have a loving heart."
"That's something new."
"It is wounded by Love's dart."
"Sad, if true."
"Will you not try to cure the smart?"
"I fear I'll rue."
"But come to me, we'll never part."
"I'll—come—to you."

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY

SIX and Twenty, young a plenty!
Only a baby yet

Yet old enough and sweet enough
To be somebody's pet.

But Time is fleet, his winged feet
Trip quickly o'er the years
And as he goes, his pathway strews
With laughter and with tears.

Now Life be cheery for my Dearie,
May she merry be!
Well and happy, never scrappy,
From all harassments free.

Trouble miss her, content kiss her,
Drive dull care away,
Children bless her, love caress her,
Good health come and stay.

Joy attend her, Heaven send her
Every perfect gift
From her life, free from strife
Every burden lift.

If aught try her, Lord stay by her!
Keep her good and sweet
Thus always keep her, till the Reaper
Brings her to thy feet.

May every year bring her good cheer,
And as the days go on
Like bird on wing may she gaily sing
Ever a happy song.

FLITTING JOYS

'A S a ray of sunshine, thy presence has been
In this village home of ours;
Or as a sheet of lightning in the midnight storm
To light up the dark dreary hours;

A zephyr that wafts on its balmy wings
A presage of joy that blissful proves
Or a Carrie (r) dove which swiftly brings
To the trusting one her message of Love.

But too soon like the ray, sheet, Zephyr and dove
You take a gun cotton flight,
But in our hearts you're ever enshrined in love,
Your image is pictured in fancy How (e) bright.

Wonderest thou that we to thy memory will cling
And bless the bright hours thou wert here,
That a lingering regret at thy absence will bring
The fond tho' vain wish that thou ever wert near?

Wouldst know why so hard 'tis to speak the farewell?
But look in our hearts the secret is there,—
There, where sweet memories of you'll ever dwell
And whence ascends for thy happiness the fervent prayer.

We part but as you Gaily pass down the swift stream
of life

Will your thoughts not infrequently turn to the plank
Where wishing you joys unMixed with trouble in life
Floats the phantom friend Eliza of your devotee.

—Frank.

(First attempt to woo Poesy or the fair sex at 17 years of age.
Blackface refer to practical jokes)

A MARCH BIRTHDAY

MARCH the blustry, is much abused;
No doubt he feels himself ill-used.
He is a quarrelsome, crusty fellow,
But on occasion he does get mellow.

'Twas on his sunniest, balmiest day,
That you strayed from Heaven a little way.
But the frost closed in upon your track
And here you remained for you couldn't get back.

And now since below with us you have stayed
And a little Heaven upon Earth have made,
We feel that we should blame him for naught
But bless the old month for what he has brought.

NOT INCONSTANT

YOU do not think me inconstant?
Will not you believe me true?
Does it enter your mind for a moment
I could go to another from you?

Who could ever be nearer?
Who so sweet and so fair?
Who could I ever love dearer
Or for whom so tenderly care?

Whose smile so sweet as your own?
Whose eyes so loving and kind?
On whose lips have I reaped as I've sown?
Where else could I happiness find?

So Sweetheart! My love do not doubt,
While you hold such superior charms,
I'll put all such ideas to rout
When next I hold you in my arms.

LIFE'S DRAMA

WE dream our dreams along the way;
We toil and moil from day to day;
We bear our pains; we meet in strife;
We cull some joys—and such is Life.

Youth's golden morn, it's springtime flowers—
The fond heart's hopeful, happy hours;
Fair Summer's fruits, rich harvest sheaves,
Then Winter's snow o'er Autumn leaves.

Small heed we take of passing years,
That promise joys and pay in tears,
While hand in hand till latest breath,
We humbly wait for peace in death.

So pass we o'er Life's fitful stage,
The while the prompter turns the page,
We play our parts,—how brief our stay—
The curtain falls, so ends the play.

HYMN

DO trials come my soul to vex?
Does trouble cross my path?
Do I not find it little recks
To struggle 'gainst His wrath?

Tho' 'tis His hand that wields the rod
Or suffers the blow to fall
'Tis He who heals each broken heart,
His love is over all.

So rest my soul in perfect calm
Secure in every storm.
For every wound He brings a balm,
He shields from every harm.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BIRDS

(A Second Generation Lyric by Webb M. Oungst.)

A tiny blossom ope'd its eyes
 Upon the world one day—
It gazed about in sweet surprise
At trees and fields and sunlit skies,
And then it passed away—it passed away.

'Twas when the sunlight from above
 Had turned to twilight gray,
There came the gentle mourning dove
And told me that the flower was Love—
The flower had passed away—had passed away.

But when the dreary night was o'er,
 A little twittering wren
With songs of love was bubbling o'er
To me this tender message bore:
That flower will bloom again—will bloom again!

WITH A BIRTHDAY SOUVENIR OF BOUILLON SPOONS

IF I might be the spoon from which bouillon you would sip,
What happiness 'twould be to me, to hang upon your lip.
'Twould equal the enjoyment of "looping of the loop,"
'Twould be a joy forever to be "always in the soup."

THE COMPOSITE VALENTINE

OH who will be my Valentine?
To Miriam doth my heart incline;
My soul goes out to Diane divine;
Would I could call dear Helen mine;
But in thee doth all their charms combine,
Be thou, dear Nell my Valentine.

THE ROSE AND THE THORN

I am squire in waiting to the Queenly Rose,
And I guard my lady from the world's rude touch,
I keep close to her side wherever she goes
And I thrust my lance, if it crowd too much.

A TRULY TRUE LOVE STORY

(A Prose Poem)

SHE was a widow, fifty-five, with several grown up sons and daughters. She was charming, cheery, handsome and buxom and didn't look her age by twenty-five years—had a bit of money and a nice home and hosts of friends.

He was twenty-eight, good looking, portly, affable, a gentleman, with an assured good income, and a well established position.

The widow had been married very young to a prominent physician who was also something of a politician, rather literary and a good speaker. They lived happily until he went into the army as a surgeon, at the breaking out of the war, and came back broken in health and constitution and died after two or three years of invalidism, during which she gave him loving and constant attention.

Some three years after his death, her children having all married off and scattered she sold her home and went to boarding. At the boarding house they met. He thought he was an incorrigible bachelor, but he wasn't. Her gentle, winning, vivacious ways charmed his heart out of him and propinquity and his attentions and gentlemanly consideration and courteous deference caught her fancy. The idea of marrying a man only half her age shocked her, but little Dan Cupid had gotten in his deadly work.

I was an old family friend and she laid the case before me.

"What do your children say?"

A Truly True Love Story

"Oh, they will be furious."

"Are you not afraid to marry a man so much younger than yourself?"

"Well, a little, but Oh, I love him and I know he loves me. You know I have had a hard life the last few years. The doctor was the best man in the world but his long sickness changed him into a petulant tyrant. I do so want somebody to love and pet me. He knows I am ever so much older than he is in years, but he won't hear a word."

"But your property?"

"He doesn't want it; won't have it. Just wants me. The children can have it all. We will have enough without it."

"Well," I said, "If you both feel that way about it, I don't see why you shouldn't go ahead. You will keep young longer in proportion than he and if he is as good as you think he is, I don't see why it shouldn't turn out well; but you will be old and feeble long before he is; how about it then?"

"I'm never going to get old and I believe I can hold him."

And hold him she did. They were married to the surprise of all their friends, and went to St. Louis, where he was state agent for a prominent life insurance company. He gave her a fine home and surrounded her with every comfort. After a few years they moved to another city where he held the same position and where they accumulated property and secured many friends. I met them from time to time and the same happy condition of affairs continued. She retained her youthfulness by virtue of her happiness and the use of arts that ladies understand so well

A Truly True Love Story

how to cover up the marks of time, while he put on sage manners and not to shame her managed to not appear younger than she. They were constantly together and he was as proud of her as she was of him. Their home was an ideally happy one. If he was away from her he wrote or telegraphed every day. He bought her a parrot and taught it to accost her every time she came into the room where it was by calling out to her: "Howdy do, pretty girl," as he did when he was there, and she was pretty even down to the last day of her life.

She finally began to show age but he was the same attentive, happy lover as at first. It was a matter of remark that they were the most devoted, happy, loving couple in all the circle of their friends.

A few weeks ago I met the husband in his own city. I knew he had lost her and I asked him about her illness. He told me that she died five years ago, having been ill the last year or two of her life. He talked of her with tears in his eyes and voice. Told of her loving companionship—charming to the last—a most remarkable woman. Said he: "I never spent an evening away from her except when I was away from the city on business."

Her children were at first much opposed to him, but later became much attached to him when they found him so devoted to her and so willing to befriend them. They early received not only all the property she possessed at the time of their marriage, but were the recipients of great help and many favors from him, not only her children but the grand children. Only a month before I met him, her young-

A Truly True Love Story

est son, a wayward fellow, was reported to him to be ill and in need in a southern city, and he at once forwarded him a substantial sum as he had done before and arranged that he should be taken care of.

Then I asked him if he had not married again, and he replied with a happy smile that he had, after three years of miserable lonesomeness, married a young girl whom they had both known all her life, and said he:

"We have a sweet little girl baby eight months old, and I want you who knew my first dear wife so well to see my little girl and her mother."

He was evidently happy in his last venture as he had been in his first, and I felt that he deserved his happiness. The man was as loveable as his wives and I was sure that the young wife was as happy and well cared for as had been the one he had cherished so long. He was adapting himself to life with the young woman as he had to the one older than himself, so that in neither case did the alliance seem out of place; he was always so neat in appearance, so attentive and courteous, so happy in disposition and manner that the situation never seemed strained.

His was a most peculiar case. At twenty-eight he married a woman twice his age; at sixty he married a girl just out of her teens. Extremes met twice in his life—the one a reverse of the other, in conditions, but alike in results.

There is no age in love and the heart is the one portion of the human anatomy that never grows old.

This is, as I remarked at the beginning, a Truly, True Love Story.

THE STORY OF SIX LITTLE LEAVES

(A Third Generation Prose Poem, by Marjorie True Love.)

A TINY tree which grew away down in a hollow was just blossoming out into leaves for the first time. This tree was so very small that it could have only six leaves on it comfortably at a time, and as this year was the first time it had any leaves at all, six, was the exact number.

All spring they grew and grew, every morning lifting their heads to the bright sunshine, and every evening sipping the dew, till by June they were quite large for new leaves, and a lovely bright green.

There were many other trees in this same hollow but just one little Maple tree and our story is about that one. All summer these six little leaves on this little Maple tree were happy. They thought this was a very beautiful world they grew in, and they didn't like to believe the stories that the large Oak trees whispered above them about how, in the fall they would wither and die, and even worse than that, fall off the little Maple tree onto the ground and when winter came, be covered up with snow and then forgotten forever.

They did not and would not believe this tale, and went on being very happy until Fall really did come and they found that their bright green dresses were slowly turning to soft pink and red and then bright yellow.

All the other trees in the hollow also turned many bright colors but not one of those wonderful big trees could outshine the six little leaves on the little Maple tree.

Their dresses were the brightest and most dazzling of all, and the little leaves were as happy as could be, for they felt sure that kind Mother Nature would not replace their green dresses for these pretty new ones, if they were soon going to die.

Even when they saw the Oak trees become bare, they would not believe that they, too, would leave the little tree, but one day when Mr. Wind came by, he whirled around the little Maple tree and said, "I nearly forgot you," and with that he blew six times, just as hard as he could, and the six little leaves went sailing up into the air, oh! ever so high, and then floated down softly at the foot of the little Maple tree.

They were very unhappy for a few days and they were cold, but soon the snow came and they were all covered over with a soft white blanket. Had we been there, we should have heard six little sighs of content as the six little Maple leaves snuggled down in their warm bed for a long winter's nap.

THE LATTER DAY UTOPIA

THERE'S a place I am told where the streets are of gold
Where it never is hot and never gets cold;
Where under the trees we can rest at our ease
And never do aught except as we please;

Where the tables are spread with the richest of feed;
Where we've nothing to dread and can have all we need;
Where we can all have our say and nothing to pay
And can sleep all night and loaf all day;

Where no creditors come, where's plenty of room,
Where we may laugh and grow fat till the crack of doom;
Where there's music and fun for each son-of-a-gun
And everything desirable that's under the sun,

And where we won't care for the silver that's there
Because it's so plenty it gets in your hair
And we're not even asked to "keep off the grass"
But are invited to drink whenever we pass.

Oh! Show me offhand this wonderful land
And soon on its shores I'll take my stand.
I'll bid farewell to this miserable "sell"
And register at Utopia's best hotel.

For it's very clear there is nothing here
That a fellow like me can hold very dear,
For it's work all day with very poor pay
And if a bloke goes wrong there's the devil to pay.

The Latter Day Utopia

One getting hard knocks he will join Fry or Coxey
But for that sort of thing I'm a little too foxy,
I've no notion to tramp around in the damp
Or to march on to Washington with nary a stamp.

So for Utopia I'm bound on a merry-go-round
And inside its borders I'll soon be found.
If you'll show me the way I'll start there to-day
And if it's like what I've heard I'll stay there alway.

Now I pardon implore of Sir Thomas More
Who exploited Utopia 'bout Fifteen Twenty Four,—
Followed later by Bellamy who if he ever hears tell of me
For these further particulars will surely think well of me.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

THE MUCH-MARRYING MAN

YOU'VE all of you heard of the much-married man,
And the ocean of ills that crowd into his van,
But I sing of the one who causes the woe—
'Tis the much-marrying man who these worries bestow.

The one of all others who causes the trouble
By taking two singles and making them double;
He, before whom they stand up, all spick and span,
Cupid's Lord High Executioner, the much-marrying man.

Two units of quite respectable mien,
Youthful or aged as the case may have been,
Fondly believing they've found their divinity,
When often it proves but a diabolical affinity—

With haste will repair to the redoubtable parson,
Who quickly responds as if it were arson,
And he was the hose cart to put out the fire,
In prompt response to their ardent desire.

Tho' they may be anxious, yet we learn from Shakespeare,
That in going to him there's naught to make fear,
For the lion so dreaded by Pyramus and Thisbe,
Was but Snug the joiner, otherwise Parson Frisbie.

So of our parson as a much-marrying man I sing,
For of all of the cloth who have handled the ring,
In tying the victim to the prettiest and sweetest,
He does the job up in a manner the neatest.

The Much-Marrying Man

He splices them gracefully, so deftly and quick;
"My blessing, dear children, I assure you 'twill stick,
This chain will last always, for you know of course,
When I do the trick, there's no chance for divorce."

Just look o'er his list; 'twill surprise you to see
What a good looking lot and how many there be,
They're of all sorts and sizes, all ages and colors,
And the more there are of them, the more are the dollars;

For always the shepherd is worthy his hire,
And of the captains of industry, no one comes nigher
Earning his pay, than does our dear pastor,
And no other's patrons get returns any faster.

And he always is ready, with all of his might,
To set the wheels going and start them off right,
In establishing the family, he never has paused,
Just think of the happiness in his time he has caused.

So long may he continue in thus doing good,
And go right along and keep on sawing wood
To make bright the fires on Lord Cupid's altar,
And then promptly adjusting the hymeneal halter;

And as he's married us, our sons and our daughters,
And thus happily cast his bread on the waters,
'Twill return to him sure, well sugared and buttered,
With the sincerest thanks that ever were uttered.

THE QUEEN OF CLUBS

(By a Horrid Man)

I F any you women, don't favor votin,

Just go and listen to Mrs. Henrotin.

She's sound all over, mind, liver and lung,

And she'll convert you sure with her silver tongue.

And she'll not only show you how to get all your rights,

But warn you 'gainst hankerin' after wearin' the tights,

And you'll find notwithstanding contrary rumors,

She don't wear 'em herself or countenance bloomers.

She favors the fashions and pays well for her clothes,

So the women who make them can have shoes for their toes.

She don't think it wicked her money to spend,

But lets it go freely for every good end.

She's never for war but always for peace,

In which she's quite unlike Sister Lease.

She's for all that is good, as is well understood,

And speaks up for her country and true womanhood.

Now if you other women who join all the clubs

And have never a moment for children or "hubs,"

Will listen to her and follow her cue,

You'll learn after while to give the devil his due.

And while you're forging ahead to capture the polls

Just reach back a kind hand to us poor souls,

Who have nothing to do but hand out the "chink,"

And while you take to clubs may be taking to drink.

But all honor to her who honors her sex,

Without always stringing us up by our necks;

She whom the men all applaud and the women all dote on—

Bright, stylish and pretty, noble Helen Henrotin.

SPICEWOOD VERSUS SASSAFRAS

(Answer to Tac Hussey's Ode to Sassafras Tea)

I'VE jist bin readin Brother Tac,

About your Hoosier tea,

That satisfyin Sassafras,

Which however nice 't may be

Don't fill the place near half so good

As that tother Hoosier tea, Spicewood.

Sassafras may fix the blood

And git it jist 'bout right,

But to put the brain in properest mood

And make it quick and bright

Try that spicy, odorous, liquid food

That's biled right out of young Spicewood.

Now Tansey bitters in the Spring

And Juleps later on,

In the good old days were just the thing

But now them days are gone.

Yet the seasons' drink that's always good

Is the consolin tea made from Spicewood.

Now Catnip tea, it has some claims

With the risin' generation

And no one now the mother blames

For dealin' out sich rations.

But the young uns they jist never could

Like it half so well as from Spicewood.

Spicewood Versus Sassafras

Of course we had to have store tea
When the preacher cum around
Gunpowder, Hyson or Bohea
But there's nothin better I'll be bound
 Than the tea that mother always brewed
 From the tender sprouts of young Spicewood.

"What tho the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle?"
There's naught that better pleases
Nor quicker brings a smile
 Nor makes you feel jist as you should
 Than tea that's made from young Spicewood.

Jist drink a cup of Spicewood tea
As you sit out on the verandy
And I'll engage that you'll agree
And likewise your Mirandy
 That the neatest drink you ever stood
 Was what was made from young Spicewood.

Well now I think my brother Hoosier
I've given you quite enough,—
I like it too and won't abuse yer
Favrite medicine stuff
 But as a drink it never could
 Come up to tea made from Spicewood.

WHEN MARY CLIMBED THE TREE

(By —————)

ON every bough ripe cherries hung,
At every breeze they swayed and swung
And Mary climbed the tree.
The feeding robins flew away
As Mary climbed that summer day
And Jack he stopped to see.

Watching the feat with open eyes,—
Watching her feet in wild surprise
While Mary climbed the tree;
And then he drew from out the shade
Of the cherry tree and chaffed the maid
Who cried in misery;

“Go away,” she said and held her gown,
But he said: “I’ll stay till you come down,
I’ll never leave you bet.”
Sing “Hey for the joker” who laughed in glee
At the weeping maid in the cherry tree;
She’s sitting up there yet.

LATER FROM MARY UP THE TREE

(By Effem)

NOW waiting long, Jack thirsty got,
Yet vowed he would not leave the spot
With Mary up the tree.
But at the well, he said: "I think
I'll try to get a hasty drink,
With an eye to Mary free."

So he lowered the bucket down the well
And as it to the bottom fell,
Unto himself said he:
"Mary will soon come humbly down
And I'll kiss away her pretty frown
Or, I'll keep her up the tree."

Then he dropped the sweep and the bucket came up
And he stooped to drink for he had no cup
And Mary, she laughed, "Te Hee!"
For she saw her chance and took it too,
While Jack he swore till the air was blue,
As Mary slid down from the tree.

POETRY BY THE YARD

TO make Poetry by the yard,
Is not given to the common bard.
It is considered quite complete
When manufactured into feet.
While rhymesters like myself, it pinches,
To even get it up in inches.
Some will ask it,—please don't smile,
Ground out all finished by the mile.
But poor me, without divine afflatus,
To write Poems; Deo Amatus!
I cannot think I'd be forgiven,
So great a crime 'gainst Art or Heaven.

To make the kind of rhymes I write,
You find a line to end with night,
Then take a line that ends with dove,
And put it down to rhyme with love.
Then there's the dear adjective sweet,—
Be sure you get the proper feet,—
Then end another line with bliss,
And go right on, somewhat like this:
"Tra-la-la-la-Pretty Miss,
"Boom ta-ra-ra—steal a kiss."
It is easy very when the machine's all right,
You can keep it going along all night.
The only trouble is the way to flop
When you want the tarnal thing to stop.

RENUNCIATION

(To My Fair Critic)

I'LL never, no never! I declare never more,
Mount my lame old Pegasus and let him soar,
But all that I write shall be the dullest of Prose
And I'll keep straight on from the start to the close.

I've a beautiful thought, somewhere in my mind,
And if encouraged to hunt, I'm sure I could find
A poetical nugget of richest gold
But it shall stay where it is and never be told.

For you plainly advise to keep my muse out of sight,
When you hint that I don't but say that I might,
If I'd try very hard, write a fair sort of verse,
Yes! My genius undoubtedly needs a good nurse.

But you, after all, have been most to blame,
For 'twas you who inspired and you've been the theme,
The trouble has been with all that I've rhymed,
That the dress was not worthy the Goddess enshrined.

FAIR, FAT AND FORTY

(On Her Fortieth)

COME listen to my timely lay,
'Twill make a pleasant sortie
To sing of one, who on this day,
Is Fair and Fat and Forty.

This one is sweet as she is fair;
She's cheery, kind and hearty;
She never pulls her hubby's hair,
For she's fair and fat and forty.

She has a heart that's good as gold,
She ne'er is cross or tarty,
She rules her house, but doesn't scold,
For she's fair and fat and forty.

Although she towers above us all
She's never proud or haughty,
Nor puts on airs, because she's tall
And fair and fat and forty.

She's chic but not a woman new,
Full of fun but no wise sporty,
She's up to all that's right and true,
She's fair and fat and forty.

So here's to the day that she was born,
'Twas near a Christmas party.
She was young and small that wintry morn,
Now, she's fair and fat and forty.

And here's to her, I know you'll say,
You do not think it naughty,
To drink to one who is to-day,
Still fair, though fat and forty.

ONE AND FORTY

[F I were only forty one
I'd think I were a boy
And yet I am a sort of one,
For still I love a toy.

And little girls of forty-one
Are just my very style,—
A fair and fat and forty one
Can please me all the while.

I would that I were forty-one
Instead of one and eighty,
I'm sure we'd ne'er be short of fun,
We'd drop all matters weighty.

So I wish you joy at forty-one
And blessings best in life;
And if you wish it, naughty one,
That you'll be some good man's wife.

But if that happens O Forty-one!
What would become of me?
If thus you'd leave the heart you've won
To die in misery?

"Hic Jacet poor old Eighty-one"
Would be my epitaph
"Killed by neglect of Forty-one"
And Everybody'd laugh.

HIS BIRTH DAY

(April 4th)

These lines are in honor
Of a comical gent,
Who, a burden upon her
Was mercilessly sent
To a suffering earth
(Though scarcely his fault
At the time of his birth
For such an assault.)

This gent he was born
A long time ago
The world to adorn
For a century or so,
'Twas in April he came
Though not on the first
But so close to the time
That Fate near did its worst.

For all of the worry
For which he's to blame
He sometimes is sorry
That ever he came.
But if 'twas to do over
It's as certain as sin
He's such an old rover
He'd sure come again.

His Birth Day

Now his hair it is gray
And his nose long and red
But he's not a bit bare
On the top of his head,
Which all goes to show
His hair's on pretty tight,
Or his wife's a bit slow
In exercising her right.

It's a moderate sized head
With not too much inside it;
To go early to bed
He ne'er could abide it.
To get up in the morning
He's not much inclined,
And I'll give you fair warning
He's often behind.

He likes a good horse
But don't care for cats,
Excepting of course
To clear out the rats.
Don't object to a dog
If he don't bark at night,
Tho' he sleeps like a log
Yet he never gets tight.

His Birth Day

For he ne'er draws a cork,
Howe'er you may doubt it
And he don't like to work
You know all about it.
As in the story you tell,
You have it by heart
"If the corn isn't shelled
You may drive on your cart."

Now for a man to be poor
And deucedly plain
And to have very little
Of which to be vain,
On his family's account
It's exceedingly sad he
Should happen to be
Such a numerous daddy.

He's a bit of a crank
But not much of a dude, he
Always is Frank
And yet he is Moody.
But ever and always
He's down on his bills,
(Which sometimes he pays)
As Frank Moody Mills.

TRILBY AT ZERO

YOU ask for a poem! With your request
I'm bound to comply but you do not suggest
Your choice of a subject, you scarce can expect your
Old friend to know, he can only conjecture.

However, just now two themes are at hand,—
One trite and one nearly so, you understand:—
The Weather and Trilby,—to decide is the bother
So here is something of one and a little of the other.

Now this is not the pleasantest weather
In which to pose for "The Altogether,"
For of all the seasons I don't suppose
There's a better time for wearing clothes.

But if one is called on to do so,
That is to pose without any trousseau,—
If you must do a thing so awfully horrid
Best select a time when the temperature's torrid.

And I really think that to pose a-la-Trilby,
There never has been and I'm sure never will be
A more seasonable time, than the month of June,
Or, say July if June is too soon.

Now though by some it's thought to be shocking
For the foot to be seen outside of the stocking,
Yet if cornless and shapely, neat and petite
There's no better way for serving up feet.

Trilby at Zero

Now there's not much to be said but has been said before,
But perhaps it won't hurt just to say it once more:
"Is it cold enough for you?" Wasn't Du Maurier silly
To kill off instead of marrying Trilby and Billy?"

But both subjects soon will be picked so bare,
That ladies will blush and gentlemen stare.
The one minus fuel and the other without clothes
Is enough to make a bachelor lose his repose.

A FATEFUL MOONLIGHT SERENADE

A maiden sat in gaslight glimmer
And stood in moonlight's silver shimmer,
A haggard singer waning slimmer
(As the moon waxed bright and the gas grew dimmer.)

He raised his voice and sang a ditty,
Of love and grief and—more's the pity,
He sang in tones that were not gritty;
(Tones fit for church yard but not for city).

His song was was one of love and woe,
(As noted just above you know),
It ended but he could not go
Because he truly loved her so.

O why should either longer linger?
Why should either song or singer,
Either joy or sorrow bring her
(Or conscience, (with its stinger) sting her?)

O why should heart and pride so fail her
Or his grief so strong assail her
And his mournful song so deathly pale her?
(Is it remorse or does something ail her?)

Ah! Her conscience promptly told her
And her heart too as it grew bolder
That only his arms should enfold her.
(And so they will ere they're much older).

A Fateful Moonlight Serenade

Then broken at once was every fetter,
To him she rushed, he quickly met her
And both to love were only debtor,
(And both decidedly felt much better).

And as their nerves began to tingle
And their arms and lips to mingle,
They vowed to remain no longer single.
(The wedding bells will ere long jingle).

Now the past to them seems queerly
And the stream of Love runs clearly
For they love each other dearly.
(This I note in passing merely).

Now they together longer linger
And she loves the song as she loves the singer
For did it not her true love bring her?
(That's why he felt constrained to ring her.)

DISPUTED THE COUNT

ONCE I made a solemn vow
That in due time I'd have somehow,
From my love a million kisses.
But e'er the pleasant task was done
Fearing too soon the vow'd be won
She claimed in the count some misses.
She cried the job I ne'er should finish
And that my chance she might diminish
Ruthlessly wiped out the score,
And said to me with hearty cheer,
"Life is short I know my dear,
But you'll have to begin the count once more."

LOVE'S PERJURY

I swore to her a year ago
I could not love her dearer.
I lied, when then I told her so
For now she's so much nearer.
For day by day she's sweeter grown,
I fear I'll lose the prize.
My love so large from small seed sown,
Has got beyond my size.

THE BRIDGED JINGLET

“POETA Nascitur non fit.”
So the poem asked for cannot be writ.
It is even hard for me to pose
As a fairish writer of common prose.
As for verses to my sweetheart's ringlet
I scarce could make a silly jinglet.
If insisted on I'd have to bridge it
By calling on some scribbling midget.
With me Hearts are always trumps,
But my muse is mostly in the dumps .
And I am forced to dig and dig
And if I unluckily renig
I'm plainly told to follow suit
And not go after forbidden fruit.
Thus you see I'm doubly troubled
By always having my troubles doubled.

THE NEW YEAR

EVERY day brings something new."
I scarce believe the adage true;
But take the new year from the **First**
Tho' it promise best may prove the worst;—
Hail happy day! 'Tis gone! The **Second**
Comes, but that on which we reckoned,
Somehow seems to be deferred,
To come in doubtless on the **Third**
But the clouds, they gather, the rain it poureth
And so is ushered in the **Fourth**.
The sunshine expected on the **Fifth**
Proves but a wintry, Misty myth.
The **Sixth** repeats or maybe blows,
While on the **Seventh**, see! it snows!
Good weather like good luck comes late,
Surely the **Eighth** will bring good fate
Or all that's needed may combine
Around the magic number **Nine**.
And so at last we reach the date,
Beyond which we may not calculate,
Old Eighteen Hundred and fast asleep,
Made some rejoice and many weep.

EFFEMORISMS

WHAT is there amiss
In taking a kiss
From a lass if she doesn't much mind it?
Such a moment of bliss
As there is in this
One should snatch whenever one finds it.

WHEN with fair lady on the tide,
A gallant man a-boating goes,
What product of war is not denied?
Why of course you know! He rows. (Heroes)

IT is easy to be good in Lent
When there's no fun to be had
Nor gold to be spent,
But after Easter we'll all be bad.

BUT this is the time when the truly good
For forty days must keep sawing wood.

THE POET LAUREATE

YOU'VE heard of the Poet Laureate,
I'm sure he must have been tender
For if he'd been tough 'twould have been quite enough
I know in misery to end her;
But 'twas sad he met so delicious a fate
When there was not such another to send her.

MOTHER-IN-LAW

(Answer to Tac Hussey's Ode to Her)

MOTHER-IN-LAW thy name is pleasure;"
Thus she is in pretty measure
By Tac's facile pen portrayed;
But Poet dear! we must protest—
Tho' as for you it may be best,
We like her better as a maid.

(Sentiment on a Birthday with Flowers)

MAY each returning year bring choicest flowers,
That bud from sweet content and happy hours.

“NIT”

H E'S true and noble, full of grit;
He's all that's good but then—he's "Nit."
Upright as any crooked stick;
His head's on right, but my! how thick.
He's gentle as any balky horse
And winsome as a mule of course.
For everything that's good he's fit,
But pity 'tis—he's aber "Nit."

SOL IN ECLIPSE

O H Luna! Oh Luna! I'm now in eclipse,
To be left all alone it is brutal,
If I could be near you to hang on your lips
I wouldn't care much if 'twere total.

T HE world is all a fleeting show"
With no admission price.
See all you can 'fore out you go
You cannot get in twice.

TRILBY'S EPIGRAM

L IFE'S not all Beer and Skittles
You have to hustle for clothes and victuals,
But what's the odds, so long's you're happy
If you can't always have your Champagne Frappe.

AN ACCEPTANCE

DEAR Major:

You know I'm not gifted in prancing
So I'll ask you to kindly excuse me from dancing,
But I'm sure to be there and I know you'll be thinking
That I make a full hand at eating and drinking.
As you are the host 'tis but fair I should say:
You've a right to have things about your own way,
But while I am of but little account in the whirls
I'm quite convenient in looking after the girls,
And knowing you enjoy it, 'tis without hesitation
I confess I don't object to a little flirtation,—
So look out my gallant, I don't tread on your toes,
But I'll not give you away, for all's "under the rose."

I loved a lass. Alas!
She loved not me.
So let it pass.
The world is wide
And wind and tide
Are running free.

NINETEEN HUNDRED

IF in Life's daily path you oft have blundered
And in unwilling ears your faults been thundered,
If of fame and fortune you've been plundered
And from hope and love been rudely sundered,
Or, if in what century you live, you've wondered;
Take heart! You'll little care in another hundred.

IN the wrestling game of Life,
Where man has to match man,
He's the winner in the strife
Who best may "catch as catch can."

SWEET are the uses of adversity,"
But such is man's perversity,
(And I tell it in all verity),
That he'd glad omit the sweetness
And accept the deepest bitterness,
Of up-to-date prosperity.

THE heart ne'er grows old
And should never get cold,
But love on and keep warm,
Until under the mold.

AFTER

THERE is much to be said
For the man who is dead.

He was honest and brainy and true.
But you cannot expect,
That in taking his text,

The preacher will mean it for you.
For it's according to rule,
Tho' the man be a fool

And his record none of the best,
That when he is gone
And his epitaph drawn,

Lo! his name heads all the rest.

KID'S CORNER

WIDOW RED HEN'S PARTY

LITTLE Widow Red Hen a party gave,
What a funny bunch it was to have:
A bachelor cock and a tabby cat,
A pig and a pup, and an old brown rat.
R-A-T, rat, came first to see,
C-A-T, cat, Oh where was she?
P-I-G, hog, (Don't you like his feet?)
D-O-G, pup, you'll see him eat.

Here comes cat, now you'll see fun.
R-A-T, rat just see him run.
Away he goes to hunt his hole
You couldn't reach him with a ten foot pole.
Cock jumps fence and flaps his wings,
Red Hen runs around corner and slings.

Now cat after rat and dog after cat,—
C-A-T, cat can't stand that;
So off she turns and runs up tree.
Dog follows after and barks at she.
Now the rest of the party away on their uppers,
P-I-G hog, eats up their suppers.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER IN 1894

(Strictly for Home Consumption)

(Written the morning of the Dinner and read thereat and
printed here by request, without change or correction.
This by way of apology for its crudeness)

BUT once a year does Christmas come
To make all happy and bright,—
To welcome all the children home
'Tis then the old folks delight.

So grizzly "Old Pops" and his cheery spouse
Thought they'd give a Christmas dinner,
For all their girls and all their boys
And not miss a single sinner.

So they opened up the house all over,
Hung up the mistletoe and holly,
That every one might feel in clover
And all be merry and jolly.

Now this Christmas brings us all of age
For we count just Twenty One,
And though supposed to be very sage
We're bound to have some fun.

The kitchen was a busy place
With Julia on the throne,—
Christina with her shining face
And a clean white apron on.

The Christmas Dinner in 1894

At length Queen Julia gave the word,—
The appointed hour had come,
And all sat down to the festive board,
With plenty of elbow room.

"Old Pops" sat at the tables head,
(He cribbed the sharpest carver),
While at the foot, sawed, near Kitty, Ed,
You bet he didn't starve her.

Charley the fat and not very lean Blanche
And Ethel with her only Love,
And Kitty with Dan just in from the ranche,—
Roger ready his prowess to prove.

Then John the blond and Clara the fair
And Nettie to pour out the tea,—
They're a mighty good lot and no one will dare
I am sure, to dispute it with me.

But only the older ones yet have been named;
To the juniors I must now call attention,
At table these youngsters are already famed,
Their capacity is worthy of mention.

There's Princess Nan and Cousin Frank
They've caused us many a song and dance.
They've played us many a funny prank,
"I call it a singular circumstance."

The Christmas Dinner in 1894

Then Katharine so fair, so pretty and peart,
And Frankie the Finkbine joy,
Baby Ruth, the pride of the jockey's heart
And little Edwin, his daddy's own boy.

And last, but not least, 'mongst girls and boys,
Is Mildred with the deep blue eyes
And Carroll the kid, who in making a noise,
Can beat any chap of his size.

Only yesterday, these midgets, so good yet so bad
For which I've their mother to thank:
"Oh get out," they said to their venerable Dad,
When for their mischief, he threatened to spank.

But for dinner now our attention is claimed,—
For it we're all ready quite,
And I'm sure Julia should not be blamed
If we're not all sick to-night.

A turkey at each end of the table,
With oysters, cranberries and potatoes,
Chicken salad, wine jelly, (I'm telling no fable)
Celery, pickles, turnips and tomatoes.

Then fruited ice cream, mince pies and cakes,
And other dishes of much pretension,
With rich plum pudding and other fat takes
Too numerous and nameless to mention.

The Christmas Dinner in 1894

Besides coffee for the elders and tea for old Pops
While the dear little darling's
Had to be put off with slops—
To be followed soon after by peppermint drops.

Well, the jokes and the laughs and the nuts go round
While all young and old fill up,—
But the glory of the day at length is crowned
As they pass each other the Loving Cup.

And they think of the absent, how dear they be,
So near yet so far in their distant home,—
Little Walton and Bert and "Sweet Marie"
And of Kittie and Ruth who at the last couldn't come.

And of Grandmas and Grandpas,
Uncles, cousins and aunts,
Dear friends and sweethearts and old Santa Claus
Who so kindly remembered their wants.

Then they rise from the table in soberer mood
For every one seems at the last quite subdued.
Then a rest for the girls and a smoke for the boys,
And for a while there's a lull in the noise.

Then games for the children and a rubber or two,
The night's coming on, the day's about through,
A "Merry Christmas it's been" so every one said
And all hie to their homes and soon are in bed.

LITTLE BAREFOOT'S CHRISTMAS

SING a song o' Christmas!
Pocket full of rocks,
Spend it all for nic nax
And fill up the sox.

When the sox are opened
And the bells begin to ring,
Out come the treasures
For the children of the King.

But poor little Barefoot
Never had no sox;
Never had no Sunday suit,
Nothin' got but knocks.

No one to him candy sent,
Nor ever gave him toys,
Hungry to his bed he went
One of God's saddest little boys.

THERE'S a little old man
with wheels in his head,
In his feet, he has springs
And in his arms, it is said,
Which keep running so fast
He can't go to bed.

NOTHING NEW

THERE are a few things under the sun
That are well established every one;
That water uphill will never run;
Tho' you lead the horse to the water's brink
Try as hard as you will, you can't make him drink.
For it's ever been so

And these truths all know:

That black is not white,
That dark is not light,
That blue's ever true,
That he who will work
Can have something to do.
That she'll never grow old
If she never will scold;
That what nobody wants
Is ne'er bought or sold.
That pigmies are small
And giants are tall,
That pigs will squeal
And children will bawl,
That what costs nothing
Is worth nothing at all.

SHOOTING THE CHUTES

THE fun of the boys in looting the fruit,
Is nothing compared to Shooting the Chute.
I'll give you long odds, with money to boot
And if I am beaten you may pocket the loot.
Toot-a-toot! Grab a root!

There's nothing so cute as Shooting the Chute!

The man who won't go a-shooting the chute
And take his girl with him is naught but a brute,
And her daddy should give him the toe of his boot
Without any chance for renewing his suit.

Toot-a-toot! Grab a root!
There's nothing so nice as Shooting the Chute!

When you go serenading and are tooting the flute,
And think this the best way the dear girls to suit,
You will find it much easier to keep in repute,
By taking them often a-shooting the chute.

Toot-a-toot! Grab a root!
There's nothing so jolly as Shooting the Chute.

KITTY McGEE

(Society Girls Give a Baby Clothes Party)

OH Kitty McGee! Gay Baby McGee!

You fly one, you sly one!

What's this that I see?

To a party you've gone

With your baby clothes on

The rolliest, poliest, sweetest baby in town.

Oh Kitty McGee, Charming Kitty McGee!

You fairy, so airy,

From trouble so free!

Now I'm in such a pickle

I'd give my last nickel

If you'd ever remember there's e'er such a one-r as me.

Oh Kitty McGee, dear Kitty McGee!

For what is it and why is it,

You've gone back on me?

I can't do a thing,

I can't laugh or sing,

I'd sigh and I'd cry e'en your own baby bottle to be.

Oh Kitty McGee, Sweet Kitty McGee!

Why don't you? Why won't you

Once more look at me?

I'm frayed to a rag

Hanging on to your drag

But you don't and you won't ever turn to see me.

Kitty McGee

Oh Kitty McGee, Cruel Kitty McGee!

You know not, you care not

What it is to me.

You coquette and flirt

And play in the dirt

But you won't make and won't bake mud pies any more
with me.

Oh Baby McGee, Sweet Baby McGee!

You grieve me, you leave me

In deep misery

Now your tender heart ope

And give me some hope,

And bring "Pitti Sing," Your sweet baby self back to me

Oh Kitty McGee, Dear Kitty McGee!

Now won't you, say won't you,

Be true to me?

For Baby tho' queerest,

You're still nearest and dearest

To your faithful and loving, Your Little Boy Blue.

SECOND GENERATION LYRICS

A FIRST EFFORT

Marjorie Dorothy Mildred Mills
Is a little girl I know,
She lives in a great big yellow house
On a corner of the street below.

She went out one day with her sister to play
And her sister said: Come along
Marjorie Dorothy Mildred Mills,
And that is how I know.
—(Ten Year Old Mildred.)

A THRESHING MACHINE SYNDICATE

Jones and Smith went half and half
Jones took the wheat left Smith the chaff.
(So writes Smith's ten-year-old boy Webb.)

Webb, (grown up), wrote not only the celebrated Hound Dog song and **what it meant** on the next page, but the beautiful poem on another page in this volume entitled, "It Passed Away."

WHAT IT MEANS

They put old Jim dawg in the poun',
They chased the author roun' and roun'
But the song itself they could'nt down—
"They Gotta Quit Kickin' my Dawg Aroun'."

It's sung from Maine to Puget Soun'
An' every other song is drowned—
It always comes back with a bound,
"They Gotta Quit Kickin' my Dawg Aroun'."

It pleased the thinkers most profound,
It tickled rulers much renowned,
That simple song of the Ozark hound,
"They Gotta Quit Kickin' my Dawg Aroun'."

Some would-be statesmen tried to frown—
Some said the author was a clown,
But all he said an' his teeth he ground,
"They Gotta Quit Kickin' my Dawg Aroun'."

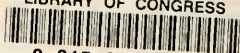
What mean those words so quaint in sound
That doth the whole wide world astound—
That doth Oppression's might confound?
"They Gotta Quit Kickin' my Dawg Aroun'."

They mean just what they say by Zound'—
You kin run it up and run it down,
But you kin bet your hat or crown
"They Gotta Quit Kickin' my Dawg Aroun'."

—Webb M. Oungst.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 929 638 6